

Punch by [hati_skoll](#)

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Summary:

Steve is dragged off by another alpha, Billy handles it.

Punch

Author's Note:

Sequel to [Slick](#). Can be read as a stand-alone. Although if you've read Slick, I think you'll have a fair idea how this is going to play out.

It's Friday night, the perfect night to let loose after three mid-semester tests and Steve is hiding behind a punch bowl feeling entirely out of place. The music is soft and tasteful, and so are the conversations – now that the highlight of the evening has come to a close. Obviously, when Billy invited Steve to litsoc's 'wild night out at the club', he'd meant they were having a strongly worded debate on the ABO dynamics underpinning Edgar Allan Poe's works, while sipping red wine and dining on hors d'oeuvres. *Not* getting drunk on cheap beer and smoking weed in dark corners. Steve thinks he ought to be forgiven for his misinterpretation.

Very unfortunately, Billy is also *running late*. So Steve is left alone to fend off questions like, "So what did you think of the orangutan in Rue Morgue?" Nothing. That's exactly what Steve thinks of it, and he somehow manages to set the person off when he hesitantly says, "It's an ape, right?" Litsoc students are fucking terrifying.

There aren't many familiar faces here either. Nancy's in litsoc too – it's been a running joke amongst them that Steve fancies *literature types* to make up for his remarkable ineptitude – and she's promised to attend with Jonathan in tow, but that's before she caught that nasty flu bug, so now they're clearly a no-show. Then there's Zack from Intro Psych, who waved a greeting earlier in the evening. Steve doesn't mind hanging with Zack, but he's standing beside this guy who looks like he could be a model or a hired killer. And Steve definitely prefers to stay off *his* hit list.

So Steve is camping by the punch bowl, attempting to properly affect a sense of 'please don't talk to me about ravens or orangutans', when a cheerful alpha who introduces himself as 'Kunsel, like Hansel in Hansel and Gretel but cooler' bumps his shoulder. Steve is just grateful that he doesn't seem to be interested in Steve's opinion on

the lack of beta representation in gothic literature - which lit soc's president, Genesis, rattled on about for thirty minutes, after finding Steve woefully uninformed on the subject.

"So you like the punch, huh?" Kunsel asks.

Steve frowns at the bowl in front of him, he doesn't know if he's touched it. "Uh, yeah, it's... not bad?"

"You've been guarding it the entire night. I figured it's gotta be liquid gold or something."

"Oh, sorry, did you want some of it?" Steve asks, gesturing for the guy to go ahead.

"Well, don't mind if I do," Kunsel says.

Steve watches as Kunsel gulps down half a cup, then makes a face. He tries very hard not to snigger at the look of disgruntled distaste – aha, he made an alliteration, maybe lit soc's rubbing off him – on Kunsel's face. "Might be an acquired taste," Steve offers.

"Might be," Kunsel agrees dubiously, discreetly pouring what's left of his cup into a nearby trash bin. "Say, I bet I could break out a bottle of wine for us, I know Genesis likes to keep a few spare bottles on hand. You in?"

Steve doesn't want to get into trouble – he's here as Billy's guest after all. On the other hand, more alcohol sounds extremely tempting. "I don't know, you think he'll be alright with it?"

"Genesis? Oh, he'll throw a horrible fit. We're good as long as he never finds out we did it."

"Okay. Yeah. Maybe we shouldn't steal his wine," Steve says.

Kunsel throws an arm around Steve's shoulders and starts steering him away to... wherever Genesis keeps the spare bottles of wine, probably. "It'll be fine! C'mon, where's your sense of adventure?"

Buried under the legion of demon dogs which attempted to take over my hometown, but let's not go there, Steve doesn't say. Instead, he tries to

politely shrug off Kunsel's hand, which is lingering a little too near his nape for fifteen-minute acquaintances. "Something tells me it's not a good idea to get on Genesis' bad side."

"His bark is worse than his bite, trust me," Kunsel says, "But hey, if it really bothers you, you can tell him it's all my fault – if he catches us, I mean."

"Right, uh. I really, really don't think the reward is worth the risk."

"Good wine is worth any risk. And Genesis has the best wine," Kunsel declares – which makes far too much sense for the sanctity of Steve's short but fairly amicable friendship with litoc's president. Kunsel leans in close, close enough for Steve to feel the guy's breath at his ear, and smell the familiar-but-not blend of spice and alpha interest. A little too close for comfort.

He's quietly rehearsing the I'm-already-in-a-romantic-partnership-so-I'm-flattered-but-no-thanks speech in his head, when Steve notices Billy trying to inconspicuously edge into the room, only to be waylaid by an irate Genesis. Billy scowls in a manner that's both abashed and indignant as his club's president gives him a real rollicking – aha, another alliteration.

"What are you staring- Oh, awesome, Hargrove's got Genesis distracted, come on!" Then Kunsel is pulling Steve along, weaving through the crowd with practised ease, and it's decidedly difficult to get in a word of 'look, I'm not really interested in you *that* way'.

They're only interrupted when they're sneaking through an inconspicuous door near the stage, a large hand catching Kunsel by the back of his shirt and drawing him to a halt. "Alright, what are you two up to?"

"Nothing," Steve practically yelps, as Kunsel goes, "Aw, you caught us, Hargrove."

Billy is standing behind them, looking incredibly unimpressed and peeved and also out of breath because clearly he's been running to catch up to them. He pushes his fringe up and out of his eyes, before folding his arms across his chest, trying for the whole you-can't-get-

past-me look, which Steve isn't fooled by, because he's seen Billy try that look on Max, and Billy's not once managed to stop his sister from doing whatever the hell she wants.

"It's just some innocent fun, I promise," Kunsel's saying, and Steve belatedly realises how misleading that sounds.

He doesn't get the chance to botch up an explanation though, because Billy immediately raises his brows at both of them, drawling, "Is that so? You making a criminal out of my boyfriend for some innocent fun, Kunsel?"

Kunsel blinks, first at Billy, then at Steve. "Oh. You're Hargrove's boyfriend," if anything, Kunsel seems tickled pink to know that, which isn't quite the reaction Steve's been expecting, "I got to rub shoulders with the princess before everyone else, sweet!"

"The princess!" Steve squawks.

"You're a legend in litsoc," Kunsel informs him, "The mysterious, Schrodinger princess who's got Hargrove on a short leash, whoever could it be? We've all got money on you– well, not *you* you, princess you. I think I lost ten bucks, actually."

"Billy!" Steve rounds on his smug, chuckling boyfriend, "I'm not your damned princess!"

Billy just wraps his arms around Steve's waist and plants a soppy kiss on his cheek, laughing. "Yeah, yeah. Sorry I'm late. Though I didn't think you'd be roped into one of their alcohol heists so quick. They pull this stunt every single damned time Genesis hosts a soiree."

"We weren't going to take much," Kunsel protests. "Just one bottle. Genesis wouldn't miss it."

"Hah, you're deluding yourself. And I don't recall you ever stopping at *just one bottle*," Billy scoffs.

"Well, Zack–"

Kunsel cuts himself off, looking very deer-in-headlights and Steve stares at both of them curiously. Billy's got that stupid, predatory,

shit-eating light in his ridiculously angelic baby blues, which spells trouble for all parties involved – that usually means Steve, but it's not Steve on the receiving end of that look right now. A welcome change, if anyone asked him. Steve is, however, a little occupied by how, "You know Zack? Zack from Introductory Psych?"

"Uh, I think so," Kunsel says, "Black, spikey hair and kind of muscly? That's the one."

"Also the mastermind for all past alcohol heists, and weirdly absent tonight," Billy adds, "You guys are definitely up to something."

"I saw Zack when I got here, standing in the alcove by the fountain, with uh, this hitman-slash-model-looking guy," Steve says, confused.

"His babysitter. Genesis usually puts one on him, because he knows Zack's trouble," Billy explains, before pinning Kunsel with a rather impressive spill-all-your-secrets look, "Okay, out with it, what's the deal with Zack?"

Kunsel winces and squirms and whimpers, after which he yells, "Death before dishonour!" three seconds before he caves, and bolts like a bat out of hell. Steve blinks, wow, so Billy isn't the only drama queen in litsoc, no wonder he fits right in here.

Billy, for the matter, is shaking his head and clicking his tongue in scathing disappointment, the damned hypocrite – Steve elbows his boyfriend in the ribs, which results in an exaggeratedly hurt, *oof* and a disgruntled, "This is what I get for saving you from a wine raid. Really, princess?"

"I was a willing participant!" Steve says.

Billy makes a face. "That's only cause you didn't know what you were getting into. You don't wanna cross Genesis, princess. He'll chew you into little mushy bits and spit you back out a hollow version of yourself."

"Oh, like a cow." Billy stares at him wordlessly, and Steve awkwardly shifts his weight from foot to foot. "You know, cause cows kinda regurgitate the grass they eat-"

"Yeah, don't let Genesis hear you say that."

Steve huffs as Billy leads him back towards the punch table with a hand on the small of his back, back to the exact spot where he'd been standing for most of the party- oh wait, *soiree*. He may as well be a nude model for all the standing around motionless he's been doing tonight, except with clothes on, so maybe a clothed model – which is what he tells Billy.

"I thought you were a party animal back in Hawkins," Billy says.

"Yes. When I'm high on alcohol and, or, weed, none of which are available at the moment," Steve can't quite help the waspish snap to his voice, even though he knows Billy didn't actually mean to have his seminar run overtime – because, seriously, that's every student's nightmare – and abandon Steve to ravens and orangutans.

"Are you pouting?"

"No."

Billy sighs despondently. "I'd asked Genesis to keep you entertained."

"Oh, so you're the reason he was quizzing me on gothic literature for half a goddamned hour."

Billy purses his lips, attempting to look sombre but Steve knows he's really just trying to avoid bursting out laughing, because Steve is this close to setting all of his books on fire – alright, no, he'll never do that, not when Billy treasures his literature collection so much, and his ass that of a father spent his childhood ripping his beloved books to shreds. And it's hard to hold onto his childish, petty anger, Steve realises, when Billy is soulfully making doe eyes at him and caging him against the damned punch table and crooning into his ear, "Aw, I'm sorry for setting Gen on you, princess. Say you forgive me?"

"Children, do keep the rating at General Audiences. Wild sex parties are reserved strictly for Sundays," Genesis interrupts, unrepentantly shattering The Moment, leaving Steve and Billy to groan in frustrated exasperation.

"Gimme a break. *You* eye-fuck your boyfriends *all* the time," Billy

snorts, turning to face litso's president, who was resplendent in red leather and looking entirely too self-satisfied having popped their bubble.

"My club, my rules," Genesis says, "And you've the nerve to complain when you completely missed today's debate. At least Nancy had the good sense to cancel her attendance beforehand. We ended up with Dottie- Dottie, can you believe it- standing in for you, and you know the sort of rubbish that girl spouts."

"I said I was sorry," Billy says, a little defensively.

"As you should be. Poor Steve was hanging around my punch bowl for about an hour."

"Oh, that," Billy eyes the punch bowl with a strange amount of trepidation, "I think your punch bowl's been compromised."

Genesis' eyes narrow immediately. "Zack."

"And Kunsel," Billy nods, "I caught that one trying to lead my princess-" at this point, Steve is a little too tired to protest, so he's letting it slide for now, "-astray. Zack probably needed a distraction to spike the punch."

Genesis gives a heavy, beleaguered, rather resigned sort of sigh, before shouting, "Damn it, Zack Fair, I'm gonna spank your sorry ass raw tonight!" and striding away, cloak flapping behind him and the crowd parting for him like... well, like the red sea, just as a panicked, "Oh, shit!" floats over from the other side of the room.

"Your litso's got a real colourful cast of personalities," Steve comments as they watch Zack and Kunsel scramble across the stage with Genesis hot on their heels.

"Some real questionable ones too," Billy snorts, "I leave you alone for what, thirty minutes, and then I find you slumming with our resident troublemakers."

"I thought you were the resident troublemaker."

"Nah, haven't you heard? My princess' got me on a real short leash."

"Oh, shut up," Steve scolds, and tilts his face up for a kiss. Billy enthusiastically acquiesces with a full-on Rated M, porn-worthy lip-lock, all tongues and teeth and groping hands sliding underneath Steve's shirt. He nips on Steve's lips so they're stinging, swollen and squeezes Steve's ass through his jeans, and Steve's come to the sudden epiphany that he doesn't need alcohol or weed to get high at parties, he just needs one really handsy Billy Hargrove. When they pull away from each other, Billy's wild-eyed and slightly red-faced, looking perfectly happy-drunk on Steve, and Steve's mostly pleased about the happy part of the happy-drunkenness.

He runs his hands through Billy's curly hair, and lets Billy kiss him once more, twice more, reverently this time, before laughing breathlessly into Billy's mouth, "So how about some punch?"

Author's Note:

Okay, I kind of went a little overboard with the FF7 cameos. In my defense, I forgot that there were other (possibly) college-aged characters in Kali's posse until I was almost done with this. [Tumblr](#). Throw me a kink, and I'll probably un-kink it.